Simple head cold

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51638740.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hannibal Lecter Loves Will Graham, Will Graham Loves Hannibal Lecter, Caring Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham Needs a Hug, Sick Will Graham
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-11-16 Words: 3,613 Chapters: 1/1

Simple head cold

by Lerix_0099

Summary

Will is sick, well, more like he has a head cold. Most likely catching it from playing outside in the cold with his dogs for nearly three hours. He ends up not going to work or answering his phone, more focused on trying to keep warm, throwing up, and just trying to sleep.

Hannibal decides to take a visit, noticing how Will had missed two appointments with no call of cancelation, so he wants to make sure Will's okay. He finds out Will's sick, and takes care of him

Notes

There's talks about puking, and also a small suggestion of an eating disorder, but nothing too serious. But still, just a warning

See the end of the work for more notes

It was warm, Will didn't like being warm, well he did, but not this warm. He assumed he was sick, since he normally never felt as warm as he was in that moment, but anytime he took the blankets away from his body, he got cold. And not the normal kind of cold, Will felt like the coldness wrapped around his bones and entwined with them before turning them to ice, and he probably hated that more than being warm. Will couldn't think much more about it as he felt bile starting to make its way up his throat, burning and searing the taste of acid into his mouth.

Will shot up, launching himself over the side of the bed to puke into the bucket that he had dragged there when he threw up hours earlier, his body too tired to even want to go anywhere. His stomach clenched up in pain, making Will choke out a sob along with more bile, and Will visibly cringed at the smell of his own puke, he should've just stayed in the bathroom. He eventually finished, and he spit into the bucket as well, pushing himself up shakily so he could attempt to empty the bucket somehow, but he just collapsed down onto the bed again, harsh coughs making their way from his throat, making Will wince in pain at the feeling of scratchiness in his throat, his chest burning with every cough.

The coughing fit died down, and he opened his eyes that he didn't even realize he closed, and he noticed all of his dogs were now sitting around him, their heads tilted and softly whining at the sight of their master in pain, but also because they were hungry. WIll felt a pang of guilt squeeze through him at the thought of forgetting to take care of his dogs, so he pushed himself up again, managing to get himself out of bed this time, and he walked down the hall towards the kitchen, his body shaking harshly as he leaned against the wall, hoping that he could hold himself up.

He had stupidly left his blankets on his bed, so he had nothing to keep himself warm while he made the dogs food. Will just shook his head, stumbling into the kitchen as he began to prepare food for the dogs that had trotted into the room behind him, barking and yapping softly at the scent of food for them. "Buster, Buster buddy…'enough barking, okay? Have a headache…" Will muttered, carefully filling up each dog bowl, then walking to the living room to place down the food filled bowls. When all the dogs began eating, Will groaned and he walked back to the kitchen to get himself a water that he could at least try to drink some of it. As he stepped back into the kitchen, his vision began to grow blurry, so Will sat himself down, not wanting to pass out. But he couldn't get himself to stand up, his limbs were already sore from moving around, even if it was just for a few minutes, and it caused a pitiful whimper to leave him.

Will didn't want to be on the floor, he wanted to be back in bed where he could be warm, overwhelmingly warm, and not freezing, shivering on the kitchen floor. His body grew more tired, his eyes growing heavy as he curled himself up against the counter, slowly falling asleep with his trembling arms wrapped around his knees.

Will slowly woke up to hands shaking him, warm hands pressing against his shivering body, and Will instantly leaned into what little warmth the hands provided. There was also something warm pressed up against his side, and Will could tell, even through his tired and sick mind, that Winston was the one curled up against his side, but that confused Will, Who was touching him? .

Will slowly forced his eyes open, breathing through his mouth when he felt that his nose was stuffy and he looked around before at the figure in front of him. “Will, love? Are you awake now?” the voice asked, and Will finally realized who it was that was touching him, their hands pressed up against his warm yet cold feeling skin. “Hann...ibal?” Will asked shakily and he leaned closer to the other man, trying to seek more warmth that could get rid of the cold that was wrapping around his bones.

Hannibal nodded and he pulled Will close to him, gently placing the back of his hand against Will’s head, and that made Will shudder and cuddle closer, his body trembling. “When’d you…get here?” Will mumbled, his eyes half lidded. He moved closer to Hannibal, shivering as he then rested his head on Hannibal’s chest. Hannibal picked Will up, carrying the man bridal style before carrying him over to the couch to set him down. Will gripped onto Hannibal’s arm, not wanting to be set down yet, he was cold...just so cold and he didn’t want the only source of warmth to be gone.

Hannibal shook his head, carefully getting Will to lay down. “Will…you need to lay down, i’ll go get you a blanket, and then i’ll be back, okay?” Hannibal said, stepping back, and it made Will groan, curling in on himself again as he closed his eyes. Will heard Hannibal walk away, so he just laid there, looking at the ceiling as he breathed through his mouth , although even breathing hurt his throat, Will was sure there was a lot more wrong than he thought, so he began to try and analyze what was exactly bothering him the most. His throat hurt, and he had a stuffy nose so it hurt to breathe, he was coughing earlier, so that was another thing wrong, and he also kept throwing up..speaking of throwing up.

Will got off of the couch, running to the bathroom, nearly tripping over his own feet and he slammed into the bathroom, gripping the toilet seat as he began to gag before puking, clenching his eyes shut as his body shook and jolted anytime he threw up, his stomach churning and clenching harshly as he puked into the toilet. Since he was so busy throwing up, he didn’t notice Hannibal coming into the bathroom until he felt a hand pressing against his back, rubbing gentle circles on Will’s upper back, right between his shoulder blades.

“It’s okay, get it out, just breathe…” Hannibal whispered, his other hand coming up to play with Will’s hair, starting to make Will relax before another wave of nausea hit, but he didn’t throw anything else up, there was nothing in his stomach left to throw up, he barely ate, getting up always left him weak enough to make him not want to eat so he just stopped after the first day.

Will sat back from the toilet, resting up against the bathtub as his body continued to tremble, both from the coldness, and because of him throwing up…he hated throwing up. Hannibal

flushed the toilet before closing the lid, not reacting much to the harsh smell of sweat and throw up that came from Will, not wanting to make the curly haired man any more upset, so he stopped himself from reacting, just carefully picking Will up before setting him down onto the toilet lid.

“Alright, mylimasis, let me get you cleaned up…” Hannibal whispered, and Will shook his head, sitting up as straight as he could. “I’m fine...I don't want to shower right now…” Will muttered, making Hannibal just shake his head. “It will help you feel better, Will, you don’t even have to shower. I can start a warm bath for you, get you clean clothes and just stay in here with you. The bath will clean out your sinuses, make it easier for you to breathe, mylimasis” he mumbled, kissing Will’s cheek before starting the water for the bathtub, letting it warm up as he hummed.

Hannibal gave Will one last glance before leaving the bathroom, walking up to Will’s room to grab a change of clothes for the man that sat in the bathroom. He decided to grab a simple gray t-shirt along with a sweater that Will could wear to keep himself when he got up from laying down. And for pants, he just grabbed a pair of gray sweatpants, looking around the room for a few more seconds. On the nightstand next to the bed was a framed picture of a man and a woman, both of them smiling, and Hannibal assumed it was Will’s parents.

Next to the picture was a smaller framed photo of a kid, probably around seven or eight years old, messy curly hair, and a wide grin on the kid's face, leading Hannibal to believe it was Will. Hannibal walked back to the bathroom, noticing Will was now sitting down in the full bathtub, his dirty clothes strewn across the bathroom floor, making Hannibal hum in curiosity. "You did not need help?” he asked, placing down the clothes as he stepped over to stand by the tub where Will sat, nearly half submerged in the water.

"I can handle getting undressed and into the bathtub myself…" Will responded, shifting around before realizing how rude he probably sounded, so he cleared his throat, nearly having a coughing fit because of it. "I appreciate everything you´re doing for me, I really appreciate it, love. I was just cold and I wanted to get into the bath" Will added, looking up at Hannibal, making the man smile. "It's okay, mylimasis. Now let's get you cleaned up, okay?" Hannibal asked, receiving a slight nod from Will. So Hannibal nodded, beginning to help Will bathe.

Will was now resting on the couch, wrapped up in a blanket while Hannibal was in the kitchen doing something, probably making Will food with whatever Will had in his kitchen, which wasn't much, so he wasn't sure what Hannibal would even make. He just sat on the couch, surrounded by his dogs while he sniffled and coughed, starting to feel himself warm

up in a good way, not completely overheating just yet. Will was beginning to doze off before Hannibal walked into the room holding a plate, causing Will to open his eyes, shifting around to sit up straight, tilting his head. "What´d you make?..." Will asked sleepily, rubbing his eyes to try and wake himself up, curious on what Hannibal had made.

"There was not much in the kitchen, so I just made toast with butter on it. When you fall asleep I will probably go to the store to buy you food" Hannibal explained, handing the plate over to Will, who stared up at him, stunned. "You don't need to do that, I'll go to the store when I'm feeling better" Will said in reply, grabbing the plate with shaky hands as he sniffled again, making Hannibal shake his head. "You are too sick to go anywhere, mylimasis, and you need food to get better, so it's best if i go" he said, and even though his voice was soft, it was also stern, not willing to hear anymore of Will´s argument, and it made Will huff with annoyance.

He knew he was sick, and it wasn't a good idea to get out of bed, but any other time he had been sick, he always took care of himself, not wanting to rely on others in fear of being a burden. Will knew accepting Hannibal´s help was the best option, and he wouldn't win the argument, so he just nodded in defeat, slowly beginning to eat the toast in fear of upsetting his stomach and throwing up again, and Hannibal gently kissed the top of Will's head. "I'm going to go to the store now instead of later, that way i can be here when you wake up. Try and get some sleep once you're done eating, okay, mylimasis?" Hannibal murmured against his hair before standing up straight, adjusting the suit jacket he had on, and Will just nodded in reply, not wanting to be disrespectful by speaking with food in his mouth, Hannibal always hated when he did that.

Hannibal stepped back, gently cupping Will´s face in his hand, gently rubbing the side of his cheek with his thumb, watching as Will leaned into the touch of his hand, the gesture making Hannibal softly smile, his eyes lighting up with admiration and love for the sick man in front of him. Hesitating, Hannibal stepped back, watching as Will slightly deflated before going back to eating, and Hannibal looked at him apologetically before walking to the front door, walking outside before disappearing into the darkness of the night, going towards his car.

Will didn't even realize it was night now, how long had he been asleep on the kitchen floor? He just shook his head at the thought, placing his plate on the coffee table in front of him before laying down, waiting until all the dogs were relaxed in their rightful places near the couch or on it with him before letting his eyes slowly flutter close and he fell asleep.

Will wasn't sure how long he had been asleep, but the sound of his dogs barking and yapping woke him up, making him groan and rub his eyes, whistling loudly to try and get them to

quiet down. His front door opened, and the sound of footsteps walking into his house and towards the kitchen made him tense up. He breathed shakily, pushing himself up as he rubbed his eyes. "Hannibal?...Is that you?" Will asked shakily as he stood up, wrapping the blanket around himself as he then walked towards the kitchen, slightly jumping at the sight of Hannibal's head peeking around the corner of the kitchen door.

"sorry if I startled you, Will, I should have announced that it was me when I came inside the house" Hannibal answered, looking at Will for a few more seconds before ducking back into the kitchen, beginning to put the groceries away, organizing everything into their rightful places, making sure everything was perfect. Will stood in the doorway, sniffling a bit before quickly covering his mouth with his arm, coughing into the sleeve of the sweater, and out of the corner of his eye, he could see Hannibal cringing, but the man didn't say anything about it, knowing Will couldn't just stop himself from coughing.

"You don't need to organize everything, you're already doing so much for me…I don't even know how to thank you, or even pay you back for all the groceries you bought". Wi ll says gently, stepping a bit closer to Hannibal to try and see exactly what the man got, but he made sure to keep at least a little distance between them, not wanting to get the man sick. Hannibal glanced over at Will, humming lightly before beginning to organize again. "I don't want you to pay me back, I do not need you to pay me back. I'm just making sure you have enough food to take care of yourself, Will. You barely had food in your kitchen when I got here, what exactly have you been eating when you're at home?".

Hannibal questioned and Will groaned, crossing his arms as he sniffled a bit. "D o you really need to question me about this now? Can't you just question me later?" Will mumbled, reaching a hand up to rub at his eyes, and when he looked back up, he noticed Hannibal had finished organizing, and was now looking at Will with his own arms crossed.

Will looked at Hannibal, looking the man over before letting his gaze drop to the ground, clearing his throat as he then shifted around. "I normally eat with Alana, she brings me lunch sometimes. Or I eat with Beverly, so I *am* eating, if that's what you're wondering" he added, crossing his arms yet again, looking back up at Hannibal. "I just want to make sure you're okay Will, that you're not having any unhealthy eating habits that could cause issues".

Those words made Will's eyes narrow, tilting his head a bit. "Are you suggesting I have an eating disorder, Dr. Lecter?" Will asked, shifting around as he then uncrossed his arms, letting them hang down at his sides, the blanket hanging off of his shoulders. The words made Hannibal tense a bit, but he then let out a sigh, slightly shaking his head. "That is not

what i'm trying to suggest, Will, i'm just saying that it may be a possibility" Hannibal responded simply before turning away, making Will step forward.

"a possibility? A god damn possibility?, you're saying it's a possibility that I have an eating disorder?" Will hissed out, his eyes narrowed as he glared at Hannibal. "I just told you that I eat, I eat with Alana and Beverly, I eat food when I'm with them" he quickly said, adding on to what he said, stepping a bit closer, making Hannibal whip around, looking at Will. "I understand you eat with them, Will. but you don't eat when you're at home, you said you eat lunch with Beverly and Alana, and that is just lunch. Do you eat dinner?" Hannibal questioned, watching as Will looked down at the floor again, mumbling something under his breath.

"What did you say? I can not hear you when you mumble under your breath, Will" Hannibal says, taking a step towards Will, placing his thumb and pointer finger underneath Will's chin, forcing the man to look up at him. "I said, I don't eat dinner, I eat enough when I eat with the other two" Will admitted shakily, not expecting Hannibal to lift his chin up to make him look at him, it surprised and startled him, his brain freezing for a moment as he slowly looked into Hannibal's eyes.

It was easier to make eye contact with Hannibal, which was weird. Will always hated eye contact, so it was weird to him that Hannibal was the only person that he could ever make eye contact with, maybe Hannibal was just special, to Will, Hannibal was more special than anyone else, but he wouldn't ever admit it, especially not to Hannibal.

Will continued to look at Hannibal, well, look into Hannibal's eyes, and his gaze softened a bit. He couldn't really enjoy the moment much as he suddenly felt a sharp pang of pain in his head, and he hissed in pain, the feeling of the headache coming back. Hannibal let out a soft hum and he gently ran his fingers through Will's hair.

"why don't we get you to bed, hm?. You shouldn't have been standing for this long anyway, I apologize for distracting you, milkmaid" Hannibal said gently as he then led Will to his room, helping the man lay down, making sure not to move too fast, not wanting to make Will feel nauseated again. Will looked at Hannibal and he smiled slightly, though it looked tired. "What does that mean?" Will asked, his voice softer now, not as defensive sounding as it was earlier. Hannibal tilted his head as he took his shoes off, setting them to the side.

"What do you mean?" He questioned, looking at Will as he then took the suit vest off, hanging it over a chair. "mylimasis, what does it mean? You call me that a lot, but I don't know what it means". The question made Hannibal freeze for a moment before turning to look at Will. "it means *beloved* " he answered simply with a slight shrug before walking to Will´s closet, which had a sweater and pajama pants that Hannibal had brought over before, in case he ever spent the night again. He turned away, undressing himself as he got changed. Hannibal walked back to the bed, sitting down next to Will.

Will looked up at Hannibal, shifting around a bit. "mylimasis…mylimasis, it sounds nice" he whispered gently before laying down on his back. "Are you sure you want to sleep on the bed? you might get sick" Will said with a sniffle before covering his mouth with his arm, coughing into his elbow. He let out a small groan before looking at Hannibal again. Hannibal looked down at Will, humming gently. "I have a strong immune system, I will be okay, mylimasis, don't worry for me, okay?". Hannibal kissed the top of Will's head before laying down next to Will, pulling the curly haired man close to his chest. "Just rest, okay?" Hannibal whispered into Will's hair, making the man nod and he took a deep breath before closing his eyes.

Will hated being sick, but, at least there was one benefit from it. Before he fell asleep, he leaned up and gently kissed Hannibal, humming a bit. " I love you...thank you for taking care of me" Will mumbled, and Hannibal smiled, kissing Will's cheek. "I love you too, mylimasis. And don't thank me for taking care of you...I will always take care of you". Will smiled back, humming a bit as he kissed Hannibal's cheek before laying back down, resting his head on Hannibal's chest.

Will felt warm, but it wasn't the bad, sick kind of warm from earlier. It was a relaxing, comforting kind of warm...and it was nice. The warmness lulled Will to sleep, and for once, somehow, he didn't wake up to nightmares...it was a nice feeling, and it made him happy. Hannibal really was special, wasn't he?.

End Notes

I'm not really sure how I feel about this one, I like it but I'm also not really sure-
But, please let me know if this is okay, I appreciate feedback
And, sorry if stories are slow, I'm busy with school currently.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!